

## MY FIRST "SCOOP."

## A Half True Story.

BY ROB G. HIDE.

(Continued.)

CHAPTER VI.

A Dear Price.

In the bank I had about \$20,000 invested, and some \$50,000 in mining stocks. At the end of a week I had made the first payment. Mr. Hartburn's deposit was largely used. I felt sure I could replace the amount by selling some of my mining stock. The second payment was made, and I was in a fair way to complete my plans, when my stock fell from 120 to 75. This became known to our depositors, who were aware that a large portion of our capital was invested in mining stocks. A run on the bank followed. My stock fell to 27. Finally it dropped to 12, and I knew then I was ruined.

A meeting of the directors was called for the following Friday. I was in inspection of the bank. Affairs were in a most deplorable state. I was almost penniless, with \$50,000 owing to the bank. An investigation, I knew, would make out a clear case of embezzlement against me. I must escape.

By threatening Trowbridge I finally persuaded him to arrange for my flight. It was decided that I should leave the impression at the bank that I had gone to Norfolk to make an investment. Through Trowbridge, a telegram signed by me was sent from that point to my partner saying that I would return in a day or two. I was to meet the plotting demon on the river bank, some distance above Hollywood, at 2:30 o'clock in the morning.

The entire plan was carried out, and when I arrived at the place designated, my disguise was complete. No one would have recognized in the humble peddler a ruined banker.

Trowbridge reached the place a few minutes after me. He was in a boat. His disguise was perfect. We dragged the boat ashore and lifted out a coffin. The lid was removed displaying a corpse of several days' standing. The coffin, together with the clothes, were sent to the morgue. A heavy weight of the dead body was dressed in my own clothes, including my watch, diamond shirt-stud, and scarf-pin, which I had brought in a satchel. In my inside coat pocket was put a letter addressed to my wife, asking her forgiveness. This was written in my own handwriting. Several business letters addressed to me were also left in the coat pocket.

The body was placed in a clump of bushes, where it would hardly be discovered for several days. By that time it would be beyond recognition. The clothes, watch, letters, etc., would in all likelihood, we argued, be undeniable evidence of my suicide.

CHAPTER VII.

Pure as Snow.

When all was ready I began to realize how completely at the mercy of Trowbridge I had placed myself. I knew he was a keen, dark, plottor, but never suspected that his motives were other than lucrative, until he handed me a roll of notes, with these words: "Only a \$100. You'll need it up there in Canada with the counterfeit. Take it, and get there as soon as possible. Good-bye."

He was preparing to shove off the boat. I stopped him. "You are the cause of my ruin," I said. "Why you should glory in my misfortune, I cannot see. The man's face flashed with passion. 'You can't,' said he, sneeringly. 'Then recall the time when you willfully deceived an innocent.'"

For the first time the truth dawned upon me. I was dumbfounded and stared at me like a hideous nightmare. Trowbridge stood with teeth set for a moment, then he continued: "You won her heart simply to revel in her carcases. When your letter came announcing your engagement to another woman she was suffering with a nervous attack. The blow to her pride, the humiliation of her lofty spirit threw her into a raging fever from which she died in a week."

"You're ruined for ever, still have you in my power. You're too cowardly to take your own life, and you can never return to this country. If you attempt it I shall find you out, and have you thrown into prison. Nothing can save you from the fate I've marked for you. I will torture you. This whole scheme was planned by me. Before you leave, however, I'll add to your misery. But for your pride you might have investigated the matter the second time, and then I would have told you. You have been hopelessly duped." He drew nearer and hissed in my ear: "SHE IS NOT ILLEGITIMATE, AND—"

"Fend," I shrieked, seizing him by the throat. As we fought he drew a dagger from his belt, and aimed a blow at me with a dagger, inflicting a wound on the neck. I snatched an oar from the boat, and aimed a terrible blow, which he avoided and started towards me. By an almost superhuman effort I raised the oar for the second time, and dealt him a heavy blow on the head, as he was in the act of striking with his dagger. There was a dull thud; he sunk to the ground; then all was still.

As I rushed from the place I fancied I saw a figure crouch behind a rock, but hurrying on, I finally sank down exhausted.

In two days I was in Toronto, where I spent a few days in the city, and then I left for the States. From the papers I read accounts of the bank failure, and also of my suicide, and the mysterious murder of Trowbridge.

CHAPTER VIII.

The Brother of Irene Trowbridge.

After many adventures I returned to Richmond, feeling confident that no one would identify me. Glennville, who had been changed during the interval, tried hard to persuade me to return to Canada, claiming that I would be discovered if I remained. My appeals to see my child were put off with various excuses until I began to suspect my former trusted friend.

Last night when he entered my room his face bore a troubled expression. He said that there was a rumor afloat that I was alive. We talked the matter over, and he tried every means to induce me to leave the country. Something in his manner told me I could no longer depend upon his friendship. I told him as much, and the horrible truth then flashed upon me.

"Friendship!" he sneered. "And you would escape your just punishment through my efforts, when you robbed me of the object of all the world's dearest to me! Read that," he tossed me a letter. It was a petition for his forgiveness written by Irene Trowbridge a few days before her death. I understood all.

"Well may you start at the sight of her name. She was my idol. From the moment I learned of her death, I was all disappointment. I determined to leave no stone unturned to wreak my revenge. You attributed your sufferings to Trowbridge. I was the power behind the throne. He was my servant. It was all a grand fraud to ruin you financially. When you shrank from what you thought a figure crouching behind a tree it was I who had followed you. I befriended your wife and child for a purpose. God trade in hands, and she is now a helpless to an estate. Her beauty adds to my wife. I cannot prevent it. Thief! murderer! if you take the first step towards an escape I'll have you cast into prison. You forget that I can put the hangman's rope around your neck. After to-morrow night I'll give you twenty-four hours to leave the country. If you refuse, you must expect to be hanging at a rope's end before the month is out. To-morrow night at 12 give me your decision."

He opened the door and was gone before I could arouse myself to speak. Numerous plans to save my child from the wretch sprang into my mind. Finally

water. She was lifted from the sofa and supported up the steps to her room. I hurried back to the office.

Conclusion.

The suicide of Glennville, as published in the paper, with an elaborate account of the history of the case, was for weeks an interesting topic at the clubs and cafes. His death, together with the contents of the letter to her, had completely prostrated Gertrude, and a serious nervous attack continued for nearly a month. One evening a note from Gertrude, saying she would see me that evening if I could find time to come up, knocked all thoughts of practical matters out of my head. It is needless to say that half the local copy was not properly edited that night, for at 9 o'clock I was gazing at the moon from the window of Gertrude's boudoir.

She entered the room so quietly I did not arouse myself until a soft voice said: "Aren't you going to speak to me?"

I turned with a start. Her beauty "rattled" me. Why I had expected to find you a perfect invalid, from what your friend wrote me," said I, at the same time noting with a twinkling of satisfaction that she wore my violets.

"No, not exactly," she answered. "I was quite ill, however, and my friends were so kind to me. Your flowers were lovely. I want to thank you again. I appreciated them more than you would believe, though I was too ill at first to acknowledge them."

"Then, I know they gave you pleasure, and that will be all the thanks I ask," said I, by way of breaking my promise, at the same time feeling conscious that my tongue was running away with my reason.

"How kind you are. But tell me something of your trip. Of course you enjoyed yourself?"

"Not."

"What? Did not?" she asked, as if surprised. "Why what marred your pleasure?"

"I went solely on business, and had no time for pleasure," and then in a subdued tone, characteristic of a martyr: "In fact, the word has no meaning for me."

"Now," she noted this emphatic "Now," and fidgeted in her seat. "Ah, I fear you are getting to be a confirmed stoic. But don't you take pleasure in your journalistic work?"

"Upon what?"

"Whether anything I write pleases you. I replied, with forced calmness. There was no use. My words would reflect my thoughts in spite of myself."

Gertrude looked at me perfectly; but feigned that distracting ignorance that tempts an impulsive nature to make a bold confession in three words. "You flatter me; I'm a very poor judge of literary merit," she said modestly, but I knew that she was insinuating that I was a liar. One would suppose so from some of the sentiments over your signature in this month's Lippincott."

"So, you've read it?"

"And think it admirable, if my opinion is of any value," she replied.

"Then my ambition has been partially realized," was my frank rejoinder.

Gertrude made no reply, but fixed her eyes on the tip of her slipper, and toyed with the border of a dainty lace handkerchief.

I did not overlook the faint flush on her forehead. "Ambition," I continued, growing pointedly philosophical, "is not always nourished by vanity alone. 'Other motives often predominate over selfishness—loyalty, friendship—"

"Ah, speaking of friendship," she said, looking at me closely to catch the effect of my own words.

I could have sworn very fluently in four languages.

"I feel that I have few true friends," she continued. "When the name comes the number grows astonishingly small."

"You have one that can stand any test."

"Who?"

"Myself."

"But did you not decline to be my friend?" she asked, scrutinizing my features.

"Gertrude—I mean—pardon—"

"You may call me so; I do not object."

"Then why do you provoke me so, Gertrude? Does it give you pleasure to see me struggling against my weakness?"

"Why, I see no evidence of weakness in you," she replied, drifting to the point.

"No, no; I did not mean that," said I. "But you've sealed my lips with a horrible promise to remain silent for three months. Only six weeks have passed, and I'm dreadfully impatient. Will you release me?"

"Yes," she replied, dropping her lashes.

"My little idol, I have only one point to argue in my favor, and that is a great big warm heart," I pleaded, taking her hand. She did not resist, but when you must you know whether you are willing to marry a prosaic newspaper man, who loves you better than all the world."

"I do not doubt your love," she said, gloomily. "That is all I ask. I interrupt, slipping my arm around her."

"Do you know what you are asking?" Her face grew pale. She shrank slightly, and added, "My father was a—"

"I know all, sweet heart," I broke in. "And I love you all the more for it. You can't discourage me that way. Speak little girl, just one word—say you will marry me."

And will you give up that horrid old paper, and spend all your evenings with me at home?"

"Yes, yes—anything; only command me. I said, drawing her closer to me. 'My little sister, speak—only one word—only utter my name.'"

She did not answer me at first. Our faces came nearer and still nearer to each other, until by some strange affinity, we had kissed each other ere we knew it. A pair of soft arms around my neck, and the pretty brown-eyed girl whispered, "The 'Daily'—now has another city editor."

The End.

How the Boys Like Him Best.

Old Pease had his picture took, 'n what is better still, His head it taken double 'n the style is fit ter kill,

The fust half shows him standin' with his wig afloat, and the second half shows him sittin' with no hair at all instead;

'N somehow he ain't machin in the fust one of the lot, Fer every one's acquainted with the Old Bald Spot.

We joshed him 'n we teased him, out at Brightwood, on the train, 'N often said Anoka must be wearin' on the brain;

But, bless his heart, we liked him, fer we found that "Granny" Pease Wuz just the feller folks to whom a feller'd want to freeze.

'N when he puts a wig on, why, it makes us kinder hee, For we'd rather see him moppin' off The Old Bald Spot.

It ain't the hair that makes the man, nor yet the lack of it, Fer lunk-headed men are often downed by hairless men of wit.

'N when a man's been short on hair since eighteen sixty-one, We hate ter see him cover up because the boys poke fun.

So when he wears a wig, we say, 'Crowd 'd rather not,' Old Pease is jist ez handsome as the Old Bald Spot.

The Old Bald Spot. —St Paul Globe.

A policeman who was asked to make a report of a fire in a Columbus avenue (New York) bakery the other day is a genuine humorist, for he wrote: "Damage, \$2,500; cause, hot cross buns."

## INSURANCE STATEMENTS.

## UNITED STATES BRANCH.

## GUARDIAN FIRE AND LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY OF LONDON (LIMITED).

ANNUAL STATEMENT FOR THE YEAR ENDING DECEMBER 31, 1893, OF THE CONDITION AND AFFAIRS OF THE GUARDIAN FIRE AND LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY OF LONDON (LIMITED), ORGANIZED UNDER THE LAWS OF THE KINGDOM OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND, MADE TO THE AUDITOR OF PUBLIC ACCOUNTS OF THE COMMONWEALTH OF VIRGINIA, IN PURSUANCE OF THE LAWS OF VIRGINIA.

Manager—HENRY E. BOWERS. Principal office in United States—205 PINE STREET, NEW YORK CITY. Special agent in Virginia—J. L. ENGLISH. Residence—Richmond, Va. Organized or incorporated—DECEMBER 27, 1872. Commenced business in United States—SEPTEMBER 23, 1872.

CAPITAL.

Amount of capital stock subscribed... \$10,000,000.00  
Amount of capital stock actually paid up in cash... 5,000,000.00  
Amount of capital stock still unpaid... 5,000,000.00

ASSETS.

Loans on mortgage (only recorded and being the first liens on the fee simple upon which not more than one year's interest is due)... \$412,500.00  
Interest accrued on all said mortgages... 2,579.94  
Value of lands mortgaged, exclusive of buildings and perishable improvements... \$554,300.00  
Value of the buildings mortgaged insured for \$211,800 as collateral... \$418,800.00  
Total value of said mortgaged premises (carried inside)... \$776,000.00

List of stocks and bonds owned by the company:

	Par Value.	Market Value.
United States registered 4 per cent. bonds (due 1907) at 114...	\$425,000.00	\$481,500.00
New York, Chicago and St. Louis Railway Company's 4 per cent. bonds...	50,000.00	47,500.00
Broad and Monticello Railroad Company's 4 per cent. bonds...	50,000.00	53,000.00
Long Island Railroad Company's 4 per cent. bonds...	50,000.00	57,000.00
Equitable Life Assurance Company of New York City, 4 per cent. bonds...	50,000.00	53,000.00
New York City and County 4 per cent. bonds (1907) at 104...	20,000.00	20,000.00
New York City and County 4 per cent. bonds (1907) at 104...	75,000.00	75,000.00
Rochester and Pittsburgh Railroad Company's 4 per cent. bonds...	50,000.00	55,000.00
Metropolitan Elevated Railway Company's 4 per cent. bonds...	50,000.00	57,500.00
St. Paul, Minneapolis and Manitoba Railway Company's 4 per cent. bonds...	50,000.00	50,500.00
Milwaukee and St. Paul Railway Company's 4 per cent. bonds...	50,000.00	55,000.00
Staten Island Rapid Transit Railroad Company's 4 per cent. bonds...	10,000.00	11,500.00
Pittsburg, Chicago and St. Louis Railway Company's 4 per cent. bonds...	50,000.00	50,500.00
Company's 4 per cent. bonds (series B) at 104...	50,000.00	50,500.00

Total par and market value (carried out at market value)... \$1,100,000.00  
Cash in the company—principal office... 1,366,787.50  
Cash belonging to the company—deposited in banks... 8,410.00  
Gross premiums as written in the policies in course of collection, not more than three months'... 190,712.75  
All other assets, including interest, dividends, and other income... 415.67

Amount of premiums unpaid on policies which have been issued more than three months... \$130,000.00

Aggregate amount of all the assets of the company, stated at their actual value... \$1,800,572.44

LIABILITIES.

Gross claims for admitted and unpaid losses due to and become due... \$7,195.00  
Gross claims in process of adjustment, or in suspense, including all losses reported and estimated losses... 50,000.00  
Losses resisted, including interest, costs, and other expenses thereon... 20,187.00

Total gross amount of claims for losses... \$77,382.00

Deduct reinsurance... \$12,400.00

Net amount of unpaid losses... \$64,982.00

Gross premiums received and receivable upon all unexpired fire risks, running one year or less from date of policy, including interest premiums on perpetual fire risks, \$761,500.00; unearned premiums...

Gross premiums received and receivable upon all unexpired fire risks, running more than one year from date of policy, \$1,193,500.00; unearned premiums (pro rata)... \$54,868.00

Total unearned premiums as computed above carried out... \$54,868.00

Due and accrued for salaries, rent, advertising, and for agency and other expenses... 2,842.18

All other demands against the company, absolute and contingent, due and to become due, admitted and estimated, including all claims for interest, dividends, and other income... 12,808.31

Total amount of all liabilities, except capital stock and net surplus... \$1,106,148.44

Joint-stock capital actually paid up in cash... 508,125.00

Aggregate amount of all liabilities, including paid-up capital stock and net surplus... \$1,614,273.44

RECEIPTS DURING THE YEAR.

Gross premiums and bills unpaid at close of last year... \$1,134,612.52

Deduct amount of same not collected... 544.00

Net collected... \$1,134,068.52

Gross premiums on risks written and renewed during the year... 1,429,984.71

Total... \$1,134,068.52

Deduct gross premiums and bills in course of collection at this date... 14,737.10

Entire premiums collected during the year... \$1,119,331.42

Deduct reinsurance, rebate, statement, and return premiums... 296,057.39

Net cash actually received for premiums carried out... \$1,135,288.03

Received for interest on mortgages... \$1,379.80

Received for interest on bonds and stocks, collateral loans, and from all other sources... 22,116.92

Aggregate amount of receipts actually received during the year in cash... \$1,158,784.75

DISBURSEMENTS DURING THE YEAR.

Gross amount actually paid for losses (including \$176,924.35 losses occurring in previous years)... \$889,392.32

Deduct all amounts actually received for salvage (whether in loss of the last or of previous years, \$11,190.71) and all amounts actually received for reinsurance in other companies, \$1,454.64—total deduction... 12,645.35

Net amount paid during the year for losses... \$876,746.97

Paid for commission or brokerage... 27,331.63

Paid for salaries, fees, and all other charges of officers, clerks, agents, and all other employees... 20,000.00

Paid for rent and local expenses, and other State, city, county, or town taxes... 3,312.98

All other payments and expenditures—viz., board expenses, travelling expenses, printing and stationery, postage and advertising, rent, and sundries... 55,362.91

Aggregate amount of actual disbursements during the year in cash... \$1,292,825.03

BUSINESS IN VIRGINIA DURING THE YEAR.

Fire, marine and inland risks written... \$1,135,288.03

Premiums received (gross)... \$1,135,288.03

Residence—Richmond, Va.

Place in Virginia where principal business of company is transacted—Richmond.

(Signed) H. E. BOWERS, Manager.

Sworn to by the above-named officers on January 18, 1894, before EMIL TROWBRIDGE, Notary Public, New York.

THE TRAVELERS' LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.

ANNUAL STATEMENT FOR THE FISCAL YEAR ENDING THE 31st DAY OF DECEMBER, 1893, OF THE TRAVELERS' LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY, ORGANIZED UNDER THE LAWS OF THE STATE OF CONNECTICUT, MADE TO THE AUDITOR OF PUBLIC ACCOUNTS OF THE COMMONWEALTH OF VIRGINIA, IN PURSUANCE OF THE LAWS OF VIRGINIA.

Name of the company in full—THE TRAVELERS' LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.

Location of home or principal office of said company—HARTFORD, CONN.

Character of the company, whether life, accident, casualty, co-operative association, life, fire, life-stock, or any other association insuring life—LIFE AND ACCIDENT.

President—JAMES H. BARTON.

Secretary—ROBERT DENNIS.

Organized and incorporated—JUNE 17, 1863.

Commenced business—April 1, 1863.

Name of General Agent in Virginia—GEORGE A. BROWNING.

Attorney—JOHN W. LUDLOW.

Residence—Richmond, Va.

Place in Virginia where principal business of company is transacted—Richmond.

(Signed) J. H. BARTON, President.

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